

Bad Boy Demons by **RadicalRae**

Category: IT

Genre: Horror, Supernatural

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-01-19 12:28:29

Updated: 2018-01-19 12:28:29

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:00:19

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,777

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Alternative title: local clown boy eats ass. / Pennywise's house-above-his-home is invaded by a pretty boy incubus who seduces him to avoid being murdered - and who is he to ignore such an invitation? He doesn't get visitors like Rika very often, after all.

Bad Boy Demons

There are unspoken rules when one wishes to live an unbothered, unfettered life; don't stay in one place for too long. Don't keep a romantic partner for more than a month. Never make serious promises or commitments. Don't stop for gas in small dusty towns known for their high disappearance rates and staggering death toll.

The first three? They were easy to follow, if not hard to obey. The last one though?

His car was parked outside, on a lonely street in a small dusty town known for missing kid posters and corpses showing up in the sewers, and he was standing in a broken down, falling-apart-house that smells faintly of rotting wood, old blood, and long expired food. It was a slaughter house only devoid of the cattle and the butcher.

It was not the smartest thing Rika had ever done, but the stories of some ancient evil had intrigued him, leading him to the home of a killer clown who may or may not just murder and eat him. At least he would die on his own terms. Sort of. Really though, what could it change into that would scare him? He'd raised too many children to count, had faced down - and seduced or killed - many faces of "evil" and was *still* standing. He'd devoured the bodies of greedy men and women since his *beautiful* and *horrific* presence had graced this Earth all those years ago!

He'd been ravaging this world's citizens for thousands of years, hunting his prey from the medieval times and onwards - *hell*, he'd even fought in the human wars just to kill time! He was just as old as whatever haunted this town, if not older, and he had witnessed far more of the world than it had. You couldn't get scarier than angry harems and pissed off angels who weren't *quite* as subtle about their envy as they should've been.

Some silly *fear mongering* demon that lived in the *fucking sewers* shouldn't be too much of a challenge.

Even as the black haired demon thought this, the rotting floorboards *squeaked* and twin beams of orange light were peering curiously at

him from the stairs leading into what was probably a basement.

Rika stared back, pale purple eyes nearly hidden in his unruly bangs. This *clown* was *much bigger* than he had previously thought, and despite being ridiculously tall himself, the incubus wasn't keen on attempting to take that **beast** down. Still, he'd come with a stubborn, stupid desire to settle his own morbid curiosity. He'd go the way he knew the best, the route that always worked before.

Seduction.

"Come here often, **big boy**?" Voice trilling an octave higher than its naturally deep tone, tilting on the last two words; an *invitation*, a *taunt*, a *challenge* staked in the way he spoke and the way he cocked his hip and smiled - like a cat who's claws caged a helpless mouse beneath them. "Come on, don't be *shy*."

The clown sneered at him, neither responding verbally or moving to leave the other man alone. Perhaps a lesser demon would have fallen for his teasing, but this being only stood there. Silent. Forbidding.

It should have been unnerving, being stared at in such silence, by a towering monster of too many teeth and too much height. *However*. He couldn't actually take the demonic creature seriously with that painted smile, though. And he wasn't willing to give up so easily. He wanted to hear it speak, wanted to see if he could get behind that "scare don't care" facade the other kept up.

"You're a quiet fellow, **big boy**, would you rather use those *big* hands of yours to speak? Or perhaps you're just not that smart." Rika turned his back onto the beastly clown, ignoring an inner voice that told him to **turn! Back! Around!** Before the beast tore him apart. Floorboards groaned, footsteps sounded from behind him, the sounds that could be the very last he ever heard and they only worked to make him feel *excited*. The incubus hummed the Jaws theme song to himself, pulling his ink colored hair over his shoulder and idly playing with the thick locks. "So do you eat your victims *whole* or should I worry about stepping in remains? These shoes are a bit expensive, y'know."

Cold breath billowed across the back of his exposed neck, goosebumps forming rapidly on the chilled skin. Turning his head,

just slightly, only a soft scoff escaping his lips when he saw the ancient evil leaning over him. With his glamour in place, he looked like any other human; although over six feet in height, with skin that shimmered unnaturally, and a mane of black hair, he could have easily blended into the average crowd. He could have anyone, anything, walk into any party and look like **he** was the host.

And yet, here he was, unfazed by something far stronger than himself that was standing close enough to tear out his throat.

"*Pennywise*." Ah, the thing did indeed speak!

"Is that a name? I think I prefer - *whoa!* Hey, keep those teeth where they belong." Rika pushed his hand against the clown's face, free hand flying to a now tender, sluggishly bleeding bite mark on his neck. "You're not to eat me unless you're going to *eat me out* and leave me a *drooling fucking mess*."

The incubus was only half joking, gaze dropping to that needle filled mouth, ripe with blaringly red lipstick that would surely stain his own skin and mouth should the other descend upon him. The teeth would be worrying, but he had coupled with far uglier and sharper than this ***Pennywise***. That, and the thought of being ravished by that ugly mouth of his gave him a twinge deep in his gut.

Couldn't hurt to *try it out*, could it? He was a demon that **thrived** on lust, on violent, bloody sex that ended in heaving chests and sweat slicked skin and the satisfaction only a damn great orgasm could bring someone like him. The clown didn't scare him, only incited a burning inside his gut that demanded to be released. He was a *sick* bastard. Why bother denying it? He'd already broken the wanderer's set of golden rules just to follow some horror story he'd overheard at the gas station.

Pennywise was grinning now, as if he knew the turmoil going on inside the human passing demon, large teeth threatening to rip through the almost fake-seeming skin of his cheeks. Rika couldn't help but return the smile, a little rueful, a little regretful, though it dropped quickly into a frustrated scowl...he wasn't usually a fan of being bent of a counter with such little warning, the edge digging into his stomach.

His dress shirt was yanked out from where it was tucked into his slacks, then hiked up to his thin shoulders. Careless claws roved over the flat of his stomach and chest, catching the metal pierced through his nipples and pulling roughly enough for the incubus to jerk away from the touch. His glamour weakened, attention pulled away, and fangs snagged on his bottom lip when he hissed at the clown in displeasure. He got the Jaws theme song mimicked back to him in response, and an amused smile pressed into the space between his shoulder blades when he kicked a long leg out to show he wasn't amused.

Cocky asshole.

A mouth descended on the shimmering skin of his back, teeth nipping along the curve of his spine, tongue licking passively over the marks as if to soothe the sharp stings of pain. Rika rested his forehead on the dusty counter, pale eyes closed and mouth open, breath hissing through his fangs in a high pitched wheeze - the counter still dug into his stomach, giving him less room to breathe normally. Pennywise distracted him from this by dipping lower, prehensile tongue playing along the hem of his slacks, hands sliding down his stomach and making him shiver.

Rika's hands seemed to falter as he scrambled to undo his belt, letting the strip of leather fall to the filthy floor. How had he gotten here again? He'd only stopped for gas. He had a son he was supposed to be visiting. He wasn't supposed to stop and get fucked by some creepy ass alien clown in a house that creaked and groaned like it was going to cave in on them. He couldn't stop now, even if he wanted to stop, the beast pinning him down was much, much stronger than he could ever dream of being.

And he didn't really *want* to stop, either.

"You should stop thinking. Let yourself...float." The words were whispered into his ear, eliciting a surprised gasp as the incubus realized that the other demon had made short work of relieving him of his shoes and pants, leaving him in simple, sheer black panties - they were comfortable and also the most plain set he owned - as well as his shirt, though that stayed hiked up over his arched back. He wasn't displeased, though he was certainly confused as to where his

clothing had gone; the shoes were expensive after all.

"*You're still thinking, dolly.*" A hand yanked at black curls, jerking Rika's head up and forcing him to look at the killer clown that loomed above him. "*Stop that and float with me.*"

The incubus huffed, pushing up to nip passively at Pennywise's plump, red lips, tongue peeking out to lick the clown's mouth like a good little submissive demon. A bit of an apology for drifting, if you will. He didn't have to work much for the other to kiss him back, their teeth bumping painfully together before they figured it out. Clawed hands found their way to the curve of his ass, coyly playing and teasing him through the thin panties.

"You're a *f-fuc-fucking* tease." Rika breathed out, licking his lips and teeth clean of red smears, words stuttering out on a gasp when one of those playful hands ground down onto his crotch, cock hard beneath his undergarment and the wandering hands. "Wasn't there a *p-purpose* to this?"

A hiccuping laugh echoed in his ears, dangerously sharp teeth snapping closed right next to the flushed flesh of his cheek. The weight on his back disappeared as the hands on his ass withdrew. He was left leaning over the dirty counter, exposed flesh chilled and covered in goosebumps and smears of red makeup.

It seemed he'd been fucked with, as Pennywise did not return to touching him.

Fuck. He was still hard, too.

The incubus twisted, finding the other demon to be absent from the room. Straightening up, he cast a searching look for his pants and shoes...and finding neither.

Fuck.

Well, might as well take care of *one* of his problems.

His own fingers - distorting into blackened claws - slid his underwear down far enough for him to curl a hand around his stiff cock, breath hitching with the first hesitant stroke. Pressing his thumb over the

head, swiping up a droplet of pre-cum, Rika hissed and leaned his free hand against the counter. Fuck the clown, he had other clothes after all, and it wasn't the first time he'd been forced to get off via his own hands. Just the first time that a demonic clown had been the one to leave him high and dry.

Stroking slowly, careful of his no longer hidden claws, he let his upper body rest against the counter. His other hand he used to steady himself, nails gouging long, narrow lines through the old wood as he continued to climb his way to a deeply unsatisfying orgasm.

He preferred climax via dick, honestly. Clown dick or not.

"Worst haunt-haunted house ever." Rika's stumbled over his words as he squeezed his hand around his cock, the pressure induced pleasure making his body shake and tremble. "Can't even g-get eaten-"

Before the incubus could finish his sentence, hands devoid of gloves completely pulled the "cute" panties off of him. The clown was back, presumably now without the dirty white suit, a *warm* and *welcome* weight pushing Rika down into the counter with enough *umph* to squeeze the breath from his lungs. His hair was pushed to the side and wicked teeth scraped over the back of his neck, tongue lapping at the small droplets of blood that oozed out of the shallow teeth marks.

"Miss me?"

It had taken him a short moment to realize he'd been spoken to, busy as he was with the much bigger hand supporting his own as he was - now *forcibly* - jerked off.

"Ah, *n-no*, of course not." His voice almost squeaked when the other demon nipped at his neck again, his own fangs worrying at his bottom lip. He'd make himself bleed if he bit down any harder, but found that particular worry far from his mind as Pennywise lifted away from him, only to drop down behind - and *oh fuck* that was a warm, slimy tongue against his ass. Without really meaning to, he pushed back into the other's mouth, kept from moving too much as he was pushed up against the counter and pinned by the clown's hands.

Pennywise licked into him like some sort of starving animal, teeth threatening to hurt him as he was so violently, eagerly rimmed.

"F-fuck, nnggh, *shit!*" Rika bit down on his bottom lip, teeth sinking down and drawing enough blood to drip onto the wood beneath him. The coppery taste on his tongue filled his mouth, and he spat out the blood, the dull pain chased away by the longer-than-natural tongue sloppily, messily fucking him. He could feel the excess saliva dripping down his thighs, the claws digging into his hips and teeth nicking the skin.

This was *so much better* than he'd imagined.

And a lot hotter and ***why the hell*** hadn't he gotten his *much sought after* orgasm?

Now that he thought about it, one of Pennywise's hands had stayed wrapped around his straining member, fingers tight enough that he wouldn't have been able to climax - just as he opened his mouth to complain, the hand released him at the same time the demon's tongue curled and hit his prostate; the incubus' hips jolted as he cummed, and after the initial wave of pleasure he was glad no one lived nearby.

He had never been a *quiet* fuck.

Laying his cheek against the countertop, Rika fought to catch his breath, for the moment paying no mind to the other demon peppering toothy, nipping kisses to his shaking, saliva covered thighs. Perhaps the kisses would be sweeter if it was anyone else, but this was a being infamous for its killing and eating of humans that lived in Derry.

"*You think so much, dolly. You're just like me, there's blood on those hands, but I don't think about it like you do. Embrace your monstrous wants.*" Black curls were pulled roughly, yanking his head up so he'd have to look at the clown, had to see those obviously demonic eyes leering down at him. "*Those teeth aren't for plants, after all!*"

Rika smiled, all sly and feline like, neat, sharp teeth bared in a mockery of a snarl. No, these teeth of his were never for eating *plants*,

they were for biting out throats and ripping flesh and organs into bite sized pieces.

"Don't worry, I ain't no praying mantis, **big boy**. You'll live through *this* fucking." Better to not acknowledge the part about him embracing his demonic nature.

Turning in the other's grip, which loosened to allow him to move, the incubus pulled the clown up to kiss him, teeth bumping painfully and silver stained tongues exploring eager mouths. Rough hands caught hold of his hips, claws scratching the shimmering skin, enough to raise angry red welts, but not enough to draw blood. Pennywise had *definitely* shed the silly suit, as a heavy, **hard** cock was pressed against his thigh; a monstrous thing, the girth *alone* sent a thrill through him.

"Oh...you and I, big boy, we're going to have *so much fun*."